

The GENEVIEVES I KNOW

(Also their JAMIES)

BY HELEN HELP

The Genevieve Who Was Just Dimples

Genevieve was the dearest little blue-eyed beauty that you ever saw. She was sweet enough to give a man spasms of joy, just to look at her. Her dimples were as twinkling beautiful as an average beauty's eyes and her dear little hands clung to a man's arm like—oh, well, just like dear little dimpled hands. You can't beat that, anyway.

Her smile was a beam of sunshine, and as for her figure! James felt for her with the maddest enthusiasm, and it being a slack season in proposals and this James having clear, grey eyes and a set, determined chin, as well as a good salary, he married Genevieve. And she lived happy ever after.

James was awfully happy, too, on his honeymoon. He saw life through a rosy mist. He was sure—sure—that heaven can come to earth, and even more sure that he settled down into the coziest corner of the sky-parlor. And he put Genevieve and her dimples on a pedestal and worshiped them.

James had prepared out of his salary, which was good, but not princely, a home for his bride, and thither they went when his leave of absence was over. He was paying for the house on installments, and it was charmingly furnished with furniture, not purchased on installments.

Genevieve flitted from room to room—there were eight rooms to fit about in—and "How perfectly sweet!" exclaimed Genevieve. "I think the reception room will be lovely for card parties."

"I am sure you will love the little bit of a library," whispered James. "The furniture here I had, myself, and though we haven't many books yet, it doesn't look so bare after all. I had a couple of really good etchings, too."

"Those brown, splochy things?" queried Genevieve. "Why, how perfectly awful! I thought from the way people raved over them that etchings



"I Don't See What You Keep Those Old Things For."

were pretty! Well, never mind, I'll put up some Gibson girls and that'll help some. You don't really like them, James?"

Well, James did. But this was the home-coming of his bride and what on earth could etchings matter? Sweetheart would soon learn little things like that. So he said to himself with his lips down on sweetheart's golden hair.

"Goodness, where on earth did you get so many books?" Inquired that dimpled darling, who was all tangled up in James heartstrings. "It always makes me dizzy to try to read a book. Mamma said it didn't matter anyway. What were you saying? Got more books? I should say not! I did not think you were so extravagant, James!"

"The piano is lovely," she remarked later, "and we must get Kitty to come out and play for us. She knows all the latest rag. I always hated so to practice. Kitty's simply great on music!"

James remembered Kitty. She was great. Even James gasped a bit. "I think I will go upstairs and unpack," said Genevieve, slipping from James' arms as he was showing her the pictures of his own family—a perfectly nice family down in the country. The portrait of his mother was a very old portrait, taken shortly before her death. He had missed his mother. "I don't see what you keep those old things for," said his Genevieve.

There was a blank in James' heart for a minute—a perfect blank where he had dreamed—in those rosy, misty dreams of his—what his wife's sweet womanly sympathy and affection would be. "She is just a petted baby," said James hastily to himself. "She didn't think, that's all."

Well we do not usually expect to measure delicacy of feeling by intellectual power. And yet, when you

come to think of it, a very silly person is apt to be obtuse, too.

So Genevieve went upstairs to unpack her trousseau. When she was called down to dinner by the one maid she came in a negligee and with a spot of dust on her nose.

The little home of James' was in a nice suburb and all the nice neighbors came to call. Then Genevieve returned their calls and gave dear little card parties. Every week she gave them, which, when you come to think of it, is rather often. They played bridge, too.

It took real money, because Genevieve would have things nice. She said: "All that lovely cut glass and silver go to waste? I should say not!" So James' money went to waste on caterers. For Genevieve knew nothing about housekeeping, and it made her dizzy to learn. It made James dizzy to look at the bills, but James had no dimples and his eyes were plain gray, so what did it matter?

Then James took Genevieve on his knee one evening and explained to her about the bills. She listened meekly, and when he finished she mused: "Oh, I forgot to tell you there's a love of a coral bracelet coming out tomorrow—nobody here has anything like it. I'm so pleased about it." And the poor man found she had not even been listening much.

He was startled and he may have been a bit harsh. At least, he got up rather suddenly and said in queer words. But Genevieve's dimples were in full play. She said, "Why, Jim, don't you want your wife to make a proper appearance?"

This happened several times and perhaps more. And Genevieve went to the matinee every week, too. Write love notes to the matinee hero. Why, certainly not! She was a young matron, you perfectly horrid thing! The most she ever dreamed of writing was just a line to tell him how she appreciated him.

The rosy mists were shredding away and the pedestal was melting just like the merest clay. When baby Genevieve came the pedestal got firmer. But only for a little, little while. Then they had a nurse and Genevieve attended to her social duties as usual.

They gave up housekeeping years ago and are staying at a family hotel, where Genevieve is much admired. Genevieve the Less is also becoming, without the shadow of a doubt, the image of her charming mother and yet James doesn't seem pleased about it.

He is struggling along, rather, because his salary seems about eaten up when he pays the hotel bills. He owns no property, of course. They sold their house when they moved to the hotel. It was mortgaged anyway.

Genevieve the Elder often says to her husband that if she had known how limited his salary would keep her she never would have married him. To her friends she admits that she might have done better, and states that she is going to see, at least, that Genevieve the Younger does not throw herself away.

To Genevieve the younger she says in the presence of James, "I'm sure I do all I can for you socially, but your father never seems to appreciate the need for money. Though I'm sure that other men manage to make plenty to keep their families in comfort."

And Genevieve the Younger—it is not fair to anything so lovely to call her merely "Little Jenny"—Genevieve the Younger thinks, "Poor papa is getting old anyway. I do hope that when I marry—"

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When Twentieth Century Began.

The twentieth century began on the first day of January, 1901. In common usage the first century means the years A. D. 1—100; the second century the years A. D. 101—200; and the nineteenth century the years A. D. 1801—1900. The fifth century before Christ was 500—401 B. C. A century begins with the beginning of the first day in its first year, and does not end until the close of the last in its hundredth year. This mode of reckoning is often confused with the common mode of stating the age of a person. A person born at the beginning of the Christian era would be called one year old during his second year, that is during the course of the year two; he would be called two during the years three, and forty during the year forty-one, etc.

The English Accent.

"The English like to find fault with our American accent," said Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, at a dinner in New York, "but now and then a story crops up that shows how far from faultless the English accent itself is."

"A Chicago millionaire, at a dance in Cadogan square during the recent London season, said to an elderly duchess: 'Duchess, may I have this dance?'"

"I'm sorry," the duchess answered, "but I'm so tired I must rest. I am, in fact, danced out."

"Oh, not darned stout," said the Chicagoan politely, "only pleasantly so."

DON'T OFEN HUBBY'S LETTERS

It is a Breach of Politeness for the Wife to Break the Seal.

A wife is in doubt whether she should open her husband's letters, and implies her willingness to let him open and read hers before they come into her hands. There is no violation of confidence involved in a preference to read one's correspondence before it is so much as glanced over by the eyes of another. A letter is a bit of personal property, and it is a breach of ordinary politeness to break its seal.

Wife and husband alike have the privilege of opening their individual correspondence, and of sharing it together if they choose. As no one who is entirely polite opens a closed door without the formality of a knock, though the door belong to a member of the family, and is the entrance to an individual room, so no really polite person opens without leave the correspondence of another. It should be taken for granted that married people are mutually interested in one another's letters, but it is not to be imagined that they shall necessarily always read every written scrap that comes into the house for one or the other. Married happiness is so precious a thing that it should be guarded with the greatest care, and if either partner in the home discerns on the horizon the smallest hint of a cloud, the duty is at once to take measures to prevent a storm.—The Christian Herald.

BABY'S ECZEMA AND BOILS

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged. I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months old, all trace of the eczema was gone.

"During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and from the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 24, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 22-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 5 L, Boston.

TIME TO MOVE.



Mr. Eel—What is your hurry, Mr. Rock? Mr. Rock—I just heard some one up above say "Get the hook."

An Early Frohman.

First Dialogue—How's your latest miracle play? Second Dialogue—Fine. Thought it would be a failure, though, till we hit on something that's got the women coming in droves.

F. M. M.—How so? Second Dialogue—We lost the baby that we used in the Solomon-and-the-Two-Mothers' baby scene, and have been using a lap-dog ever since.—Puck.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Sold.

"Who gave away the bride?" "She wasn't given away; she had three rich suitors, and she went to the highest bidder."

If every man had all the money he wanted, the devil would get us all.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Backache is usually kidney ache. There is only one way to remove the pain. You must reach the cause—the kidneys. No better kidney remedy exists than Doan's Kidney Pills.



Mrs. John A. Link, 122 E. Terry St., Bucyrus, O., says: "I was so terribly afflicted with kidney complaint, I could not leave my bed. I was attended by several doctors but they all failed to help me. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief after I had given up all hope and soon cured me. I have had no kidney trouble in three years."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S 5c. Pills, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y."

SUMMER COMPLIMENTS.



The Elephant—What an elegant throat you have for a cool drink! The Giraffe—Yes, it is grand. But, say, I wish I had a skin with a nice breezy fit like yours.

Bucolic Music.

Little Willie, being a city boy, had never seen a cow. While on a visit to his grandmother he walked out across the fields with his cousin John. A cow was grazing there, and Willie's curiosity was greatly excited.

"Oh, Cousin John, what is that?" he asked. "Why, that is only a cow," John replied. "And what are those things on her head?"

"Horns," answered John. Before they had gone far the cow mooed long and loud. Willie was astonished. Looking back, he demanded in a very fever of interest:

"Which horn did she blow?"—Everybody's Magazine.

What Brought Him.

Governor Foss of Massachusetts tells of a clergyman who was visiting a state prison, when he came across a prisoner whose features were familiar to him. "What brought you here, my poor fellow?" he asked. "You married me to a new woman a little while ago, sir," the prisoner replied, with a sigh. "Ah, I see," replied the parson, "and she was domineering and extravagant, and she drove you to desperate courses, eh?" "No," said the prisoner. "My old woman turned up."

Love Note.

People may sneer all they please at what is called puppy love; but anybody who has ever had a puppy, and noted the wag of its tail and the look in its eye as it wriggles forth its pretensions of undying affection, can hardly deny its actual sincerity.—Judge's Library.

Felt Safe.

"I always enjoy going to the first performance of a new play." "Why the first?" "Because I'm always sure then that the man who sits behind me hasn't seen it before."

Diphtheria, Quinsy and Tonsillitis begin with sore throat. How much better to cure a sore throat in a day or two than to be in bed for weeks with Diphtheria. Just keep Hamlin's Wizard Oil in the house.

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His Bearing.

"Is he a man of military bearing?" "Well, he likes to 'soldier.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

When an optimist loses his job he is apt to become a backslider.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. in bottles.

Some girls would lose out, even if every year was a leap year.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original Tin Foil Smoker Package, 5c straight. A minister can't win the poor by courting the rich.

How to Use Red Cross Seals.

"How to Use Red Cross Seals" is the title of an interesting publication recently issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Red Cross Seals must be placed only on the back of letters and not on the address side of packages that are going through the mail. They may be placed anywhere on matter going by express. Care should be taken in sending merchandise through the mails not to place seals over the strings with which the package is tied, since this seals the package against inspection and subjects it to first class postage rates. As many seals may be used on the back of a letter or package as may be desired. Every one is urged to use them liberally, since every seal is a bullet in the war against tuberculosis.

Red Cross seals are not good for postage, and will not carry mail matter, but any kind of mail matter will carry them. Finally, every letter or parcel sent out, either by mail or in some other way, during the holiday season should bear one or more Red Cross seals.

Turned Laugh on Toastmaster. Paul D. Durant, toastmaster at a breakfast dinner recently held by the resident alumni of Michigan university, paused as he was about to introduce a speaker of the evening, to recall an escapade of his college career.

"Before I tell this story, he began, 'it will be necessary to give you some definite idea of the personal characters. In the class of '95, of which I was a member, there were two of the toughest fellows that ever attended the university—"

"Who was the other one?" was the interrogation from the farther corner of the table. The toastmaster joined in the general laugh which followed.

Unfair Play.

"Foul tactics," declared the quarter-back. "What's the trouble now?" demanded the referee. "I tried a kick for the stomach, but this fellow blocked it with his face."

I believe that the borders of our minds are ever shifting, and that many minds can flow into one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind.—W. R. Yeats.

Same.

Friend—What were your sensations in the wreck? Victim—Just the same as in football. Three coaches passed over me, and then the doctors came.—Puck.

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